

The Killing Tree

"Blue Moon"

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Wake up to a blue moon in the sky
A cool china blue
Hear the thunder of life driving by
Guess it's finally on the loose

And I smell the soot sweat
On the sick-a-more trees
As the branches collide
With every thought I think

Now the neighborhood cat is calling
He can't sleep
Says the oxygen in the needle and pin
Has sprung a leak

Well he really took his chance
Crossing his heart, hoping to die
He was young and he was happy
At the time (At the time)

It seems to be like cinema
Silver turns to it's old tricks
Magic loses all it's magic
And you know what it really is

The young men who used to
Use their knuckles, are gone
But the tadpoles keep on multiplying
Down in the swamp

When the pearly gates do open
Dragging their legs out of spite
Inside a woman sits to greet you
Welcome home to the night

It's the last motel
With electric, she says
Take a seat while the maid
Goes and cleans up your mess

Honey it could take an hour

It could take all year
It could take a century
For your bad name to clear

Wake up to a blue moon in the sky
A cool china blue
Hear the thunder of life driving by
Guess it's finally on the move

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